

# The Mirror

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## The Old Church, Marybone.



HERE is a humble specimen of church-building in the last century: ay, and about the middle of the last century, and that too in what is now considered one of the wealthiest of the London parishes. The fabric is plain enough for the most penurious vestryman, as the reader must acknowledge. It is not recommended to our notice by any architectural ornament; but its history, in connexion with the rise and progress of Mary-le-bone parish has many attractions for the curious inquirer. The details are so numerous that it requires a forty-pen power to condense them into a reasonable space.

Marybone, or St. Mary-le-bone, once a country village to the N. W. of London, was anciently called Tybourn, from its situation near a small *bourn*, or rivulet, (formerly called Aye Brook, or Eye Brook, and now Tyburn Brook,) which ran from the south side of Hampstead, by Belsayse, and after a subterranean course through different parts of Maryle-bone, Oxford-street, St. James's Park, &c. flowed through Tothill Fields into the Thames. Hence it is conjectured by the accredited Mr. Lysons,

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that when the site of the church was altered to another spot near the same brook, it was called St. Mary at the *bourn*, now corrupted to St. Mary-le-bone, or Mary bone.

The site of the original church and its removal abovementioned is thus described by Mr. Lysons:—

“In 1400, Bishop Braybrook granted a license to remove the old church of Tyburn, (dedicated to St. John,) which stood in a lonely place near the highway (on or near the site of the present court-house, at the corner of Stratford-place,) subject to the depredations of robbers, who frequently stole the images, bells, and ornaments, and to build a new church of stones or flints, near the place where a chapel had been then lately erected, which chapel might in the meantime be used. The bishop claimed the privilege of laying the first stone. The old churchyard was to be preserved, but the parishioners were allowed to enclose another adjoining to the new church.”

The church was accordingly rebuilt on the site of the present one, at the

\* *Environ*s, vol. iii. 1790.

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end of what is now called the High-street, and just verges on the New Road. The removal of the church from the Oxford-street site to place it *out of harm's way* is not the least curious part of its history.

We must turn again to *Lysons*, where we find it stated that "In the year 1741, Marybone Church being in a very ruinous condition, it was necessary to take it down; when the present structure, which is very small and ill-suited to the population of the parish, was erected on the same site. The inside of the old church is shown in one of Hogarth's plates of the *Rake's Progress*. The monuments are represented as they then existed, and some ill-spelt verses,\* pointing out the vault of the Forset family, were accurately copied from the originals. The inscription denoting the church to have been beautified when Thomas Sice and Thomas Horn were churchwardens, was not fabricated for the purpose of ridicule (though it might have served that purpose, when contrasted with the ruinous appearance of the church,) but proves to have been genuine.† The present church is a small oblong square, and has a gallery on the north, south, and west sides." The exterior is represented in our Engraving.

Mr. Lysons continues:—

"The church of Marybone (or Tybourn, as it was then called) was appropriated, in the reign of King John, by William de Sancta Maria, Bishop of London, to the priory of St. Lawrence de Blakemore, in Essex, a competent maintenance being reserved to the vicar. On the suppression of that priory, which took place in the year 1525, the King gave the rectory to Cardinal Wolsey, with license to appropriate it to the dean and canons of Christchurch; who, at his request, granted it to the masters and scholars of his college at Ipswich.

"When the cardinal fell into disgrace, the king seized this rectory as part of his property; and it continued in the crown till the year 1552, when it was granted to Thomas Reeve and George Cotton, in common socage. It then came into the Forset family, then proprietors of the manor before the year 1560, and they have since passed through the same hands. The rectory still con-

tinues inappropriated; the benefice has been considered as a donative from a very early period. The Duke of Portland, as rector, nominates the curate, who is licensed by the Bishop of London. In the year 1511, the curate's stipend was only 13s. per annum, paid by Thomas Hobson, then lessee under the priory of Blakemore. In 1650, the impropriation was valued at 80l. per annum;‡ at that time the whole of his emoluments could be scarcely double. From the prodigious increase of buildings and population, its contingencies are now such as to make it a very valuable benefice."

The earliest date of any parish register now extant at Marybone, observes Mr. Lysons, is 1668. The entries for several years subsequent to that date are copied from a book damaged by fire, and rendered in many instances imperfect. An abstract of the baptisms and burials within five years of the present century is subjoined:

	Average Baptisms.		Average Burials.
1680—1689 ..	13 ½	..	34 7-10
1712—1721 ..	35 1-10	..	89 ½
1730—1739 ..	173 ½	..	313 4-5
1770—1774 ..	798 4-5	..	930
1775—1779 ..	1008 1-5	..	1140
1780—1784 ..	1119 3-5	..	1259 3-5
1785—1789 ..	1334 4-5	..	1286 4-5
1790—1794 ..	1693 1-5	..	1413 2-5

In the register, too, we find several names of literary and artistical note. Thus, among the registered burials, are Humphrey Wanley, an indefatigable bibliographer, and son of the author of "*The Wonders of the Little World*:" James Figg, of more questionable notoriety, who kept a boarded house in Marybone Fields, where

Long lived the great Figg, by the prize-fighting swains  
Sole monarch acknowledged of Marybone plains§

Here also are John Vandrebanks, a portrait painter of celebrity, in the reigns of George I. and II.: James Gibbs, who built St. Martin's in the Fields (the facade of which is his *chef d'œuvre*), the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, the Redcliffe Library, at Oxford, &c.: Edmund Hoyle, aged 90, who played the game of life as adroitly as he would a rubber of whist: Rysbrach, the eminent statuary: William Guthrie, a pains-taking editor: James Ferguson, a self-educated genius, who rose from poverty, step by step, to the fellowship of the Royal Society: Allan Ramsay, a portrait painter, and

\* "These pews unsound, and tane in sundir,  
In stone there's graven what is under:

To wit a vault for burial there is,  
Which Forset made for him and his "

These two first lines are preserved in one of the galleries; they are raised in wood on the panel of a pew.

† Nichols's *Life of Hogarth*.

‡ Parliamentary Survey, Lamb. MSS. Lib. Richard Bonner was then curate.

§ A portrait of Figg is introduced by Hogarth, in his second plate of *The Rake's Progress*.

son of the author of "The Gentle Shepherd:" the Rev. C. Wesley, younger brother of the pious John: Baretti, the friend of Dr. Johnson; and many others. The registers of right honourable rank and fortune are also very numerous.

The vast increase of Marybone parish (of which we shall speak presently), naturally led to the erection of several chapels of ease, besides many sectarian meeting-houses. Mr. Lysons notices one of the latter, belonging to Huntington, in good set orthodox terms:

"In Little Titchfield-street is a chapel (called Providence Chapel) belonging to a congregation who profess the doctrines of the late Mr. Whitfield, and style themselves Independents. Their minister is a man who was a coal-heaver, and for some whimsical reasons changed his name from Hunt to Huntington."

Indeed, the church in the Engraving resembles one of these conventicles.—Moreover, it is a *parish chapel*, which is explained as follows: A private chapel (that is to say, built by a private individual, *on speculation*) being nearly completed in 1817, on a very capacious plan, the inhabitants purchased the building, and converted it into a handsome church, at the expense of 60,000*l*. This magnificent structure faces the New Road, in the immediate vicinity of the original church, which is now used for a chapel, as is denoted by the following memorandum, on a stone tablet:

CONVERTED INTO A PARISH CHAPEL,  
BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, LI. GEORGE III.  
ON THE IV. OF FEBRUARY,  
A.D. MDCCCXVII.  
THE DAY OF CONSECRATION OF THE NEW  
CHURCH.

Above this tablet is another bearing the date of the rebuilding:—

"Rebuilt in ye year 1741.  
Walter Lee } Church-  
John Deschamps } wardens."

The situation of the old church will assist the reader in forming some idea of the rapid increase of Mary-le-bone parish. We have shown that the first church was removed from the spot now occupied by the Court-House, in Oxford Street, on account of its being "a lonely place, near the highway, subject to the depredations of robbers." Starting from this point, Mary-le-bone Lane intersects the streets in the vicinity of Cavendish-square till we reach High-street, at its junction with Thayer-street. The line of street from hence to the New Road has all the appearance of a thickly peopled and established neighbourhood. On each side are well-

appointed shops, till we reach the old church; beyond which is the line of the New Road, and the picturesque domain of the Regent's Park, itself *urbs in rure*.

In Vertue's Plan of London, (the date about 1560,) the last houses seen are those of the village of St. Giles's, then indeed in *the Fields*; and the only building between this spot and Primrose Hill is the little solitary church of Marybone.\*

By way of supplementary conclusion, we subjoin a few notes on the increase of the parish, partly abridged from *Lysons*.

At the beginning of the last century, *Marybone* was a small village nearly a mile distant from any part of the metropolis. In 1715, a plan was formed for building Cavendish Square, and several streets on the north side of Tybourn-road, and in 1718, the ground was laid out, and the circle in the centre enclosed; in which a gilt lead statue of William Duke of Cumberland, was set up 1770. The Duke of Chandos, and Lords Harcourt and Bingley took portions of the ground, and the rest was let to builders; but the failures of the South Sea put a stop to the improvements for some time, and it was several years before the square was completed. The row of houses on the north side of Tybourn Road was finished in 1792, and it was then called *Oxford Street*. About the same time, most of the streets leading to Cavendish Square and Oxford-market† were built, and the ground was laid out for several others.‡ Maitland, whose History of London was published in 1739, says there were then 577 houses in the parish of Marybone, and thirty-five persons who kept coaches. Still there remained a considerable void between the new buildings and the village of Marybone, which consisted of pasture fields. Portman Square was begun in 1764, but it was nearly twenty years before it was completed. In 1770, the continuation of Harley-street was begun. Portland Place was built soon afterwards; and Manchester Square in 1776. The number of houses in the parish of Marybone in the year 1795, was 6,200; in 1801—7,664; in 1811—8,330; and in 1821—9,761. The population at the last census, (1821,) was 96,040.

\* A friend of ours, about fifty years of age, remembers hearing his father and mother speak of walking out through the fields, to be married at Marybone Church.

† Henrietta, Vere, Holles, Margaret, Cavendish, Welbeck, Wimpole, Princes, Castle, John, Market, streets, &c.

‡ Lower Harley Street, Wigmore, Mortimer Street, &c.

## TO A NAMELESS ONE.

I LOVED thee! I loved thee! when my heart  
was fresh and young,  
And round it all the holy things of innocence  
were flung—

Ere passion withered up the soft sweet down of  
early years,  
Or first affection passed away in solitude and  
tears.

I loved thee! I loved thee when thy heart was  
like a flower  
Unopened by the zephyr's breath, unrid by  
its power—

Whose honey-cup had never known the sun-  
beam or the bee,  
And its first gush of nectar rose in purity for  
me.

I loved thee! I loved thee while thou wert young  
and fair,  
Before thy lovely brow had known the shadow  
of a care—  
While roses blossom'd on thy cheek, and heaven  
was in thine eye,  
And ere thy snowy breast was stirr'd by passion  
or a sigh.

I loved thee! I loved thee while that bosom was  
a shrine  
Of feelings meek and holy—of thoughts that  
were divine—  
Of wishes scarcely born amid these regions dim  
and drear,  
And hopes of no connexion with this sin-polluted  
sphere.

I loved thee! I loved thee! and saw thy heart a  
prey  
To canker cares, that gnaw'd its peace and  
blithesomeness away;  
I marked thy beauty fading fast, but scarcely  
could deplore,  
For 'mid its wreck and ruin, oh! I felt I loved  
thee more.

I gazed upon thy pallid face, that told of joys  
departed—  
I looked upon thy sunken brow, that spoke thee  
broken hearted:  
And loved thee still, although I knew they marked  
thee for the tomb,  
For they were dearer thus to me than when in  
highest bloom.

I loved thee! I loved thee! ay even when thou  
lied  
Embraced by sullen atrophy that took thee for  
his bride;  
More fervent, too, upon thy lips I hung sweet  
maud in death,  
Than even when I drank in life their balmy  
vital breath.

I love thee! I love thee! though thou'rt passed  
away,  
And all I gazed with rapture on is blended with  
decay:—  
I love thee! I love thee! and shall not cease to  
sigh,  
For love like that I bore to thee will never, never  
die.

September 6, 1830.

W. M.

**The Topographer.**

## TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

(For the Mirror.)

ABSENTEEISM is a great, and we fear, an increasing evil. The present unsettled state of the continent will, however, do more towards its prevention than anything that ever has been, or can be, written on the subject. Some go for the sake of economy, others for change; but it has been well remarked that few, very few Englishmen know much of their own country, where there exists abundant, we may say almost exhaustless, objects and scenes to repay the seeking; and it is becoming sufficiently notorious to the inquirer on the subject, that in point of cheapness, France cannot exceed, nor indeed equal, Wales, or the two western counties of England, while the climate along our southern shores from Penzance (to which we shall shortly introduce our readers) eastward, in point of salubrity, may fairly challenge the whole world. This is strong language, but we use it deliberately. Few studies are more interesting than that of topography—we may derive an almost exhaustless fund of entertainment and instruction from studying that of our own country; while a personal inspection of the various objects or scenes not only leads us to trace the wonderful transactions of Providence, but enhances the interest in a high degree. It is true, some of these remarks are common-place, but the ignorance which still exists on the difference between England and the continent on many points of inquiry is surprising, considering that thousands of families have been emigrating there since the peace. The result of a few practical observations on this subject shall be adverted to in the course of these Notes. Steam has now rendered the most remote parts of these islands accessible even to the valetudinarian.

The fragments which follow, may be considered as the commencement of a series of "Rough Notes," from personal observation and inquiry. So without further preface, I will set the reader down at Pyle, in Glamorganshire—a county which presents features of considerable interest, whether regarded in a mineralogical, commercial, agricultural, or even antiquarian point of view.

*National Peculiarities.*—The observant traveller will not have journeyed far in Wales, before the striking difference between the people and those whom he

has been accustomed to see, will forcibly attract his attention. The high cheek bones and Gaelic appearance of the men betoken a different race—the language is entirely strange and new—and the dress and habits of the fair sex are at first remarkable to a stranger. The almost universal costume of the women consists of a man's hat, and large coarse red shawl "negligently disposed" round the body. It is a serious matter to a stranger to meet a squadron of these old ladies going along the road at a round "butter and egg" trot to Swansea, or any large town, on a market-day, sitting astride on horseback between two large projecting panniers of provisions. Luckless is he who does not draw into the ditch, particularly if it is dusk, as they advance, sweeping the road before them like a sirocco. The writer has often seen twenty or thirty together in a body, and has more than once when on horseback, been nearly overturned from the want of a timely attendance to the above precaution. Such is the force of habit, that we had not resided long in Wales before we came to consider a man's hat as the fittest ornament for the head of the fair sex! the great similarity in the features and appearance of the people may, perhaps, be attributable to this dress.

*Anecdote of Nelson: Welsh Boroughs.*

—At a village a few miles from Pyle, we heard a characteristic anecdote; but first we must say a word or two on Welsh boroughs, several of which as in Scotland, unite in returning a member to parliament. An election here is a widely different affair from one in England; and the dignity of the Portreeve and Aldermen seems to increase in an inverse ratio with the size and insignificance of their borough. We question much if some of these dignitaries would yield the precedence to the Metropolitan Corporation. In these small boroughs it of necessity happens that the larger number of the aldermen are composed from the working classes. Very ludicrous incidents sometimes occur in consequence, many of which have come under the writer's observation. The story of the Cornish Portreeve who was found plastering a house when summoned to attend the election of the parliamentary candidate for the borough, is well known. A similar incident occurred on the present occasion. Lord Nelson passing the village on a journey to Pembroke Dock Yard, whilst the horses were changing, sent a message, according to his custom, that he should be most happy to pay his respects to

the Portreeve. Unluckily his worship was totally unprepared for this honour, being busily engaged repairing the roof of a neighbouring house. He contrived, however, to slip on his best clothes, and after due congratulations had passed between the parties, his lordship was attended to his carriage by our dignitary, and just as he was going to order the postilions to proceed, his worship advanced, made a bow, stammered, and touching his hat, said he hoped "his lordship would please remember the portreeve!" The admiral could no longer check the mirth that was uppermost—"I will remember you, by —! I never shall forget you to the last day of my life!"

*Welsh Graves.*—At Pyle churchyard we were much pleased with the interesting custom of planting and decorating the graves with flowers or shrubs, by the surviving relations. There is something which appeals to the best feelings of our hearts in the simple custom, which is one of high antiquity. Those at Pyle had been apparently attended with care, and we need not add watered, as Pyle is one of the wettest spots near the coast. We were subsequently much struck with this custom at the singularly romantic village of Penrice in Gower, about fifteen miles from Swansea.

*Neath.*—The scenery along the road to this thriving little town, skirts the coast, and is often of the finest description. Britton Ferry and the entrance to the Vale of Neath, which stands in a sort of immense natural amphitheatre, is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. The traveller is struck with the immense heaps or hills of Copper Slag (the scoræ or refuse of the ore) marking the site of copper works that have long since ceased to exist. The roads in this district are almost entirely composed of this novel material, which for such purpose is certainly unrivalled. In Neath and its neighbourhood are large iron and copper works, and collieries of coal and culm. You begin to see you are entering a new region. The ruins of Neath Abbey may rank among the finest in Wales. They are now almost literally surrounded by iron works. We could not help picturing to ourselves the wide contrast afforded by the scene of busy industry around us, with the indolent and luxurious life of the former tenants of this once extensive abbey, and its rich domain. If our thoughts wandered to days of old, it was only for an instant; the clanking of hammers, the noise of workmen, and the rattling of a

ramroad, which passes through what was once consecrated ground, speedily dissipated such feelings. To the reflecting mind the scene was rife with interest. In our next paper we shall give a sketch of the history of this fine ruin.

At Neath we met, for the first time, with the *Jumpers*, a religious sect almost peculiar to Wales. Being attracted by the most dissonant and uncouth sounds in a chapel, we entered and witnessed what we cannot but consider a most extraordinary scene. The preacher had gradually worked himself up into a frenzy, until he began to jump; the infection soon became universal—men, women, and children—the whole congregation threw themselves into the most violent and extravagant attitudes, sometimes seizing each other by the head in a perfect frenzy—resembling, *en masse*, the waves of an agitated sea, and uttering yells which we cannot better describe than as hideous. This fanatical frenzy does not desert them until they reach their respective homes (and some come a considerable distance) dancing along the whole way. When the meeting broke up, we observed the merest children affected similarly to those of a larger growth. This is no overdrawn picture, but rather the reverse; we forbear making any remarks on it; there was a sort of a controversy in the *Cumbrian* newspaper, on the subject, a year or two ago.

*Road to Swansea : Night Scene.*—At Morriston, about five miles from Neath, the entrance to the Vale of Tawy, leading to Swansea, (distant three miles) when seen at night is at once novel and surprising. Most of the copper ore in the kingdom is smelted in this vale, which forms no bad representation at night of the infernal regions; all vegetation in the immediate vicinity of the copper works is totally blasted—it is a desolate-looking place. A lurid glare is first seen spread over the landscape. On nearing the works, some of which are in the hollow close to the road side, some on the rise of the hill in the distance, a vast congregation of flues vomiting forth deep coloured flames and fire—once or twice varied with the brilliant glare of a blast furnace, and overshadowed by an immense cloud of smoke, which forms a heavy canopy over the scene, certainly impresses a stranger very forcibly, and leads him to form no very favourable opinion of the environs of Swansea. But it affords a wide contrast to the rich and beautiful scenery of the road from Swansea to the Mumbles,

on the other side of the town. All this, however, is nothing to the Vale of Merthyr Tydvil (the seat of the works of Messrs. Crawshay, Guest, &c.) which when seen under similar circumstances, is most wonderful. But here we must pause. VYVIAN.

## The Naturalist.

### THE ELEPHANT.

(From the *Menageries*, Vol. ii. or Part 13, of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.)

*Food.*—The quantity of food required for the daily consumption of a full-grown elephant is enormous. The elephant of Louis XIV. had daily eighty pounds of bread, twelve pints of wine, and a large quantity of vegetable soup, with bread and rice; this was exclusive of grass, and what he got from visitors. Desmarest states, that the domesticated elephant requires daily about two hundred pounds of aliment of all sorts. It is recorded by one of the Roman historians, that the elephants which were taken from the Carthaginians, by Metellus, were so expensive to keep, that they were put to death in the Circus.\* The elephant, if not well-fed, and with regularity, soon becomes a miserable object.† Bishop Heber witnessed the wretched condition of an old elephant that had been cheated of his proper allowance. "Adjoining the pool we saw a crowd of people assembled round a fallen elephant; apprehending that it was one of our own, I urged my horse to the spot. On asking, however, whose it was, a bystander said it belonged to 'the asylum of the world,' and had fallen down from weakness, which was not surprising, since, instead of an allowance of twenty-five rupees a month, necessary for the keep of an elephant, I was told that these poor creatures, all but those in the immediate stable of his majesty, had, for some time back, owing to the dilapidated state of the finances, and the roguery of the commissariat, received only five. They had now given the wretched animal a cordial, and were endeavouring to raise it on its legs, but in vain. It groaned pitifully, but lay quite helpless, and was, in fact, a mountain of skin and bone."‡ This happened in the Nawâb Vizier's country, where elephants, not many years ago, were maintained in great numbers,

\* See Pliny, liv. viii. c. 7.

† Williamson's *Oriental Field Sports*.

‡ Journal, vol. li. p. 46.

from those resources which only Asiatic despotism could command. The cost of a stud of elephants, such as the Mogul princes kept up, must have been enormous. To each of the hundred and one elephants that were set apart for the Emperor Akbar's own riding, the daily allowance of food was two hundred pounds in weight. Most of them, in addition, had ten pounds of sugar, besides, rice, pepper, and milk. In the sugar-cane season, each elephant had daily three hundred canes.\* The elephants of our English menageries are principally fed upon hay and carrots.

*Size.*—The elephant is, beyond comparison with others, the largest of all land animals. An old anatomist has properly described him as "animal vastissimum;"—and we may admit this description without adopting the exaggerated accounts of his height which have been so commonly circulated. Mr. Corse, who, perhaps, saw more Indian elephants than any other European, never heard of more than one elephant whose height much exceeded ten feet. This was a male belonging to the late Vizier of Oude. His dimensions, as accurately measured, were as follow:—

	Ft.	In.
From foot to foot, over the shoulder .....	22	10½
From the top of the shoulder, perpendicular height .....	10	6
From the top of the head, when set up .....	12	2
From the front of the face to the insertion of the tail....	15	11

The East India Company's standard, for servicable elephants, is seven feet and upwards, measured at the shoulder, in the same manner that horses are measured. At the middle of the back, which is curved, they are several inches higher. The height of a living elephant is exceedingly deceptive, even to those who are most accustomed to the animal. Mr. Corse measured a celebrated elephant of the Nabob of Dacca, which was generally stated to be fourteen feet high, and which he considered to be twelve; it was found not to exceed ten feet.

It seems agreed that a large elephant weighs from six thousand to seven thousand pounds. Of this weight the carcass is about four-fifths.

*Ear for Music.*—Sir Everard Home is of opinion, that the elephant has not a musical ear; but, however this may be, the animal is evidently not insensible to musical sounds. We have observed

the female elephant now at Mr. Cross's menagerie bring forward her ears, as the Guards have marched from the adjoining barrack to the loud notes of a military band; and the motions of her restless body have certainly been adapted to the movement of the air, which she gave evidence of having heard. Sir Everard Home presents us with an example of the power of the elephant to discriminate between the two great properties of musical sounds—a different capacity, certainly, from that of a musical ear, but still very remarkable:—

"As a matter of curiosity, I got Mr. Broadwood to send one of his tuners with a pianoforte to the menageries of wild beasts in Exeter 'Change, that I might know the effect of acute and grave sounds upon the ear of a full-grown elephant. The acute sounds seemed hardly to attract his notice; but as soon as the grave notes were struck, he became all attention, brought forward the large external ear, tried to discover where the sounds came from, remained in the attitude of listening, and after some time made noises by no means of dissatisfaction."

The present Part is full of Engravings of the most interesting character, when contrasted with the common-place embellishments of many popular works on the history of animals.

## Pint Arts.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

(Continued from page 57.)

ABOVE the Waterloo relief is a large pedestal, with statues of Victory at each corner, having in the centre Europe and Asia, bearing the bust of the Duke of Wellington. Surmounting the whole will be an equestrian statue, in bronze, of his Majesty. The equestrian statue is by Chantrey; the other sculpture was designed and executed by Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi. The side of the triumphal arch facing the Palace presents emblems and decorations of a similar character to those on the other side. Over the small gateways are figures of Valour and Virtue on the one side, and Peace and Plenty on the other. Occupying the same place with the representation of Waterloo is the battle of Trafalgar, in bold relief, and corresponding with Europe and Asia, bearing the bust of the Duke of Wellington, is Britannia with her attendants, contemplating a medallion of Nelson. The bas-reliefs are from designs by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey. The

\* Aycen Akbery.



whole of this gorgeous pile will, when finished, be about sixty feet high. The gates are to be of mosaic gold; and the palisade, which is to connect it with the wings of the Palace, are to be spears of the richest workmanship that has yet been executed for such a purpose in that superb metal.

Having passed through the triumphal arch into the quadrangle, which is surrounded by a peristyle of Grecian Doric columns, instead of an arcade, admittance is gained to the interior under the portico which opens into the hall.

*Hall.*—Here the taste and skill of the architect justly entitle him to great applause. The ceiling, as we before mentioned, is only eighteen feet high; but he has so arranged the double columns which support it, that the eye is at once attracted to details, and the attention taken from the general defect of the lowness of the ceiling by statues placed in front of those coupled columns, and by the white marble pavement being surrounded by a mosaic border, formed of different marbles, as a Vitruvian scroll.

*Guard Chamber.*—Ascending from the hall by a wide flight of steps is a superb guard-chamber, about one hundred and twenty feet in length, also ornamented with marble pillars, each of a single block.

The total number of columns in the hall and guard-room is one hundred and four, all of white marble, with golden capitals.

*The Great Staircase.*—On the left hand, at the end of the hall, a spacious flight of two or three marble steps leads to the great staircase, which is also of white marble. It consists of a centre, and two returning flights. The centre flight beyond the first landing is carried up to the entrance of the armory, from which the effect is beautiful and theatrical. But the staircase, notwithstanding its beauty of outline and details, is perhaps liable to objection, as being too small for a palace. The impression, however, of the columns, the statues, and the reliefs, is undoubtedly elegant in the strictest meaning of the term.

We shall now proceed through the state apartments, as they are intended to be used on high days and holidays.

*Saloon and Throne-Chamber.*—On ascending the great stairs, leaving the flight which leads to the armory on the right or on the left, the landing-place opens into a vestibule. The saloon is beyond the vestibule, and the throne-chamber beyond the saloon. These apartments are of noble dimensions; the saloon is fifty, and the throne-cham-

ber sixty feet in length, and forty in elevation. They will, when furnished, be the most gorgeous in the palace. It is, indeed, not easy to conceive anything more splendid than the designs for the ceilings, which are to be finished in a style new in this country, partaking very much of the boldest style, in the Italian taste, of the fifteenth century, and recall to recollection the splendid works of the great masters of that school, as seen in the works of Bibiena and others. They will present the effect of embossed gold ornaments, raised on a ground of colour suitable to the character and other decorations of the rooms. The walls are to be hung with silks. The cove ornaments of the throne-chamber will exhibit the arms of the Kings of England, and those of distinguished warriors, and other individuals connected with the royal family: four bas-reliefs will occupy as many compartments of the walls, each representing some celebrated circumstance in the history of the Garter, the Thistle, the Bath, and the St. Patrick. The walls of the saloon are also to be decorated with bas-reliefs; and it will be particularly agreeable on crowded court days, as it opens into the portico, which affords to the visitors in the state apartments the enjoyment of a splendid pavilion for promenading in the open air, and will be one of the most attractive parts of the palace.

*Picture Gallery.*—It is one hundred and seventy five feet in length, lighted by two rows of circular windows of ground glass in the ceiling, representing the stars of all the orders of knighthood in Europe. It would seem that a star-chamber is a necessary appendage to the English monarchy; but from the gaiety of this room, we have some assurance that it will be applied to far different uses than those of the ancient star-chamber in the palace of Westminster. The ceiling of this gallery is not only picturesque and splendid, but really curious; possessing all the richness and play of outline of Gothic architecture, produced by a most skilful combination of classic forms; and certainly overthrows a position frequently advanced, that classic architecture could not in this effect vie with the Gothic.

*State Bedchamber.*—Passing across the gallery, a door leads into the state bedchamber, behind which is the King's closet. This chamber is fifty feet in length, and, like those of all the other state-rooms, the ceiling is of that richly-ornamented character already described.

*Drawing Rooms.*—The next apart-



ment is the bow drawing-room: it is nearly finished, with the exception of the gilding. The cornice is supported by eighteen Corinthian columns of lapis lazuli in scagliola. The stucco work of the dome exhibits the national emblems, and is in effect exceedingly rich, but at the same time light.

From this room the great drawing-room opens, which, from its dimensions, and the style of the ornaments, will be extremely superb and striking, even in this suite of splendid apartments. It is seventy feet in length. The cornice is supported by coupled columns of a rose-coloured scagliola, formed in imitation of a very rare Bohemian mineral granulated with gold, like lapis lazuli.

(To be continued.)

## The Selector;

### AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

#### THE NETHERLANDS.

OPPORTUNELY enough, the last published volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* is a *History of the Netherlands*. The author is Mr. T. C. Grattan, who has written many continental sketches and romances of considerable merit. His present is a task with less scope for exuberant fancy; since, to compress the history of a country, for nearly 1600 years, into 350 pages, as in the volume before us, must have involved much patient and laborious research. Mr. Grattan's name is associated with the Netherlands: if we mistake not, several of his sketches, and the incidents of their narratives are laid in this country, so that he is likely to be somewhat familiar with its history; and this attachment, joined with his graphic neatness as a writer, has enabled him to produce a work in spirit beyond an ordinarily compiled history.

We have mentioned the appearance of this work as very opportune; and any file of newspapers for the last month will support our opinion: of course we allude to the revolutionary events in the Netherlands. The present book, therefore, comes in the nick of time, just when it is wanted, and that is a chance of success which, comparatively, few books have. Of course, there is a "turn of the market" in book-selling as well as elsewhere.

It has often occurred to us that newspapers are stronger inducements to the acquirement of knowledge than they are commonly thought to be. All the poli-

tical changes which they detail in their dispatches ought to revive our historical acquaintance with the countries in which these changes are taking place. Thus, a commotion no sooner takes place on the continent, than maps, prints, and plans of the country become of peculiar interest. Hundreds and thousands are not, however, thus satisfied, and they seek for *popular histories*; and to supply these, so as to be accessible to all, ought to be the aim of the periodical libraries now publishing. The Useful Knowledge Society have set about this labour, by publishing "Greece," and, very lately, "The American Revolution."

The Family Library already contains "The Jews" and "British India," besides historical lives: and six of the ten volumes of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* now published, consist of Histories. The plan to which we have adverted is thus in progress, and its advantages are too obvious to need further exemplification.

This brings us back to Mr. Grattan's "Netherlands." Of its actual value, we do not pretend to speak critically. We are glad to see the pages with footnote references, among which it is not difficult to recognise those of sterling character. The reader will probably expect a few extracts:—

#### Curious Factions.

"We must not omit to notice the existence of two factions, which, for near two centuries, divided and agitated the whole population of Holland and Zealand. One bore the title of *Hoeks* (fishing-hooks); the other was called *Kaabeljaans* (cod-fish). The origin of these burlesque denominations was a dispute between two parties at a feast, as to whether the cod-fish took the hook, or the hook the cod-fish? This apparently frivolous dispute was made the pretext for a serious quarrel; and the partisans of the nobles and those of the towns ranged themselves at either side, and assumed different badges of distinction. The *Hoeks*, partisans of the towns, wore red caps; the *Kaabeljaans* wore grey ones. In Jacqueline's quarrel with Philip of Burgundy, she was supported by the former; and it was not till the year 1492 that the extinction of that popular and turbulent faction struck a final blow to the dissensions of both."

#### Assassination of William, Prince of Orange.

"On the 10th of July, 1584, as he left his dining-room, and while he placed his foot on the first step of the great stair leading to the upper apartments of his

house, a man, named Balthasar Gerard (who, like the former assassin, waited for him at the moment of convivial relaxation), discharged a pistol at his body: three balls entered it. He fell into the arms of an attendant, and cried out faintly, in the French language, 'God pity me! I am sadly wounded—God have mercy on my soul, and on this unfortunate nation!' His sister, the Countess of Swartzenberg, who now hastened to his side, asked him in German, if he did not recommend his soul to God? He answered, 'Yes,' in the same language, but with a feeble voice. He was carried into the dining-room, where he immediately expired. His sister closed his eyes: his wife too was on the spot, Louisa, daughter of the illustrious Coligny, and widow of the gallant Count of Telnigny, both of whom were also murdered almost in her sight, in the frightful massacre of St. Bartholomew. We may not enter on a description of the afflicting scene which followed; but the mind is pleased in picturing the bold solemnity with which prince Maurice, then eighteen years of age, swore—not vengeance or hatred against his father's murderers—but that he would faithfully and religiously follow the glorious example he had given him.

Whoever would really enjoy the spirit of historical details should never omit an opportunity of seeing places rendered memorable by associations connected with the deeds, and especially with the death, of great men: the spot, for instance, where William was assassinated at Delft; the old staircase he was just on the point of ascending; the narrow pass between that and the dining-hall whence he came out, of scarcely sufficient extent for the murderer to hold forth his arm and his pistol, two feet and a half long. This weapon, and its fellow, are both preserved in the museum of the Hague, together with two of the fatal bullets, and the very clothes which the victim wore. The leathern doublet, pierced by the balls and burned by the powder, lies beside the other parts of the dress, the simple gravity of which, in fashion and colour, irresistibly brings the wise great man before us, and adds a hundred fold to the interest excited by a recital of his murder."

(The title-page contains a vignette of this tragical event.)

*Fire-ships at the Siege of Antwerp, 1585.*

"Early on the night of the 4th of April, the Prince of Parma and his army were amazed by the spectacle of three huge masses of flame floating down the

river, accompanied by numerous lesser appearances of a similar kind, and bearing directly against the prodigious barrier, which had cost months of labour to him and his troops, and immense sums of money to the state. The whole surface of the Scheldt presented one sheet of fire; the country all round was as visible as at noon; the flags, the arms of the soldiers, and every object on the bridge, in the fleet, or the forts, stood out clearly to view; and the pitchy darkness of the sky gave increased effect to the marked distinctness of all. Astonishment was soon succeeded by consternation, when one of the three machines burst with a terrific noise before they reached their intended mark, but time enough to offer a sample of their nature. The Prince of Parma, with numerous officers and soldiers, rushed to the bridge, to witness the effects of this explosion; and just then a second and still larger fire-ship, having burst through the flying bridge of boats, struck against one of the estocades. Alexander, unmindful of danger, used every exertion of his authority to stimulate the sailors in their attempts to clear away the monstrous machine, which threatened destruction to all within its reach. Happily for him, an ensign who was near, forgetting in his general's peril all rules of discipline and forms of ceremony, actually forced him from the estocade. He had not put his foot on the river bank when the machine blew up. The effects were such as really baffle description. The bridge was burst through; the estocade was shattered almost to atoms, and, with all that it supported—men, cannon, and the huge machinery employed in the various works—dispersed in the air. The cruel Marquis of Roubaix, many other officers, and eight hundred soldiers, perished, in all varieties of death—by flood, or flame, or the horrid wounds from the missiles with which the terrible machine was overcharged. Fragments of bodies and limbs were flung far and wide; and many gallant soldiers were destroyed, without a vestige of the human form being left to prove that they had ever existed. The river, forced from its bed at either side, rushed into the forts, and drowned numbers of their garrisons; while the ground far beyond shook as in an earthquake. The prince was struck down by a beam, and lay for some time senseless, together with two generals, Delvasto and Gajitani, both more seriously wounded than he; and many of the soldiers were burned and mutilated in the most frightful manner."

(The well-remembered escape of Grotius in a chest is neatly related.)

#### *Union of Belgium and Holland.*

"It has been asked by a profound and sagacious inquirer, or at least the question is put forth on undoubted authority in his name, 'Why did England create for herself a difficulty, and what will be by and by a natural enemy, in uniting Holland and Belgium, in place of managing those two immense resources to her commerce by keeping them separate? for Holland, without manufactures, was the natural mart for those of England, while Belgium, under an English prince, had been the route for constantly inundating France and Germany.'"

So asked Napoleon, and England may answer and justify her conduct so impugned, on principles consistent with the general wishes and the common good of Europe. The discussion of the question is foreign to our purpose, which is to trace the circumstances, not to argue on the policy, that led to the formation of the Netherlands as they now exist. But it appears that the different integral parts of the nation were amalgamated from deep-formed designs for their mutual benefit. Belgium was not given to Holland, as the already-cited article of the treaty of Paris might at first sight seem to imply; nor was Holland allotted to Belgium. But they were grafted together, with all the force of legislative wisdom; not that one might be dominant and the other oppressed, but that both should bend to form an arch of common strength, able to resist the weight of such invasions as had perpetually perilled, and often crushed, their separate independence."

The last passage bears upon the very topic of the day, and proves Mr. Grattan's volume to be up to the spirit of the times.

#### DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.

Few men could fail to *make* an interesting book on these subjects. The materials are superabundant, and whoever sits down to the task of their arrangement will probably be able to add something from his own experience, and much more by his inferences from the narratives of others. Old books on witchcraft, and superstitions generally, are somewhat scarce; that is, they are comparatively of greater cost than other

books of the same date. Perhaps this is explained by collectors of such works cherishing their curiosities with more zest than do many book-buyers. Sir Walter Scott is a bibliomaniac in this way, and has a more valuable collection of works on Demonology and Witchcraft than has any other person of his time. Glanville, Reginald Scot, and Sinclair must be *familiars* in his supernatural stores; nay, the very atmosphere of the apartment or depository of these treasures must resemble that of a sulphur bath.

Our slight notice last week intimated that the work before us contains much that is new and old, to amuse the reader. Looking further into the book we, however, find the new to be considerably less striking than the old, and to bear about the same relation to each other, that the plain manners of the present day do to the startling chivalric characteristics of ages long past. Neither are the *old* contents so forcibly chosen as the lovers of the supernatural had a right to expect from Sir Walter Scott's ready access to rare materials. The author has, however, already by his own confession, proved himself more skillful in fiction, than he is, or chooses to be, diligent in mere matters of fact; and this concession would afford proof, if such were wanted, of the labour requisite to produce anything like a finished compilation. Thus, in the *Letters on Demonology*, several important works on the subject are unnoticed, and altogether there is *less lore* in the book than must have been expected. This lack of rarities will not be extensively acknowledged, especially if we are to judge by the old story of Booty's ghost now appearing in our newspapers, verbatim from the Westminster record.

We quote a few more extracts.

#### *Scottish Customs.*

THESE customs still linger in the south of Scotland. The bride, when she enters the house of her husband, is lifted over the threshold, and to step on it, or over it, voluntarily, is reckoned a bad omen. This custom was universal in Rome, where it was observed as keeping in memory the rape of the Sabines, and that it was by a show of violence towards the females, that the object of peopling the city was attained. On the same occasion, a sweet cake, baked for the purpose, is broken above the head of the bride, which is also a rite of classic antiquity.

In like manner, the Scottish, even of the better rank, avoid contracting mar-

\* *Las Cases, Journal de la Vie privée et Conversations de Napoléon*, t. iii. p. 83.

riage in the month of May, which genial season of flowers and breezes might, in other respects, appear so peculiarly favourable for that purpose. It was specially objected to the marriage of Mary with the profligate Earl of Bothwell, that the union was formed within this interdicted month. This prejudice was so rooted among the Scots, that, in 1684, a set of enthusiasts, called Gibbites, proposed to renounce it, among a long list of stated festivals, fast days, Popish relics, not forgetting the profane names of the days of the week, names of the months, and all sorts of idle and silly practices which their tender consciences took an exception to. This objection to solemnize marriage in the merry month of May, however fit a season for courtship, is also borrowed from the Roman Pagans, which, had these fanatics been aware of it, would have been an additional reason for their anathema against the practice. The ancients have given us a maxim, that it is only bad women who marry in that month.

The custom of saying, God bless you, when a person in company sneezes, is, in like manner, derived from sternutation being considered as a crisis of the plague at Athens, and the hope that, when it was attained, the patient had a chance of recovery.

#### *The Lancashire Witches.*

THE celebrated case of "the Lancashire Witches," (whose name was, and will be, long remembered, partly from Shadwell's play, but more from the ingenious and well-merited compliment to the beauty of the females of that province, which it was held to contain,) is as follows. Whether the first notice of this sorcery sprung from the idle head of a mischievous boy, is uncertain; but there is no doubt that it was speedily caught up and fostered for the purpose of gain. The original story ran thus:

These Lancaster trials were at two periods, the one in 1613, before Sir James Altham and Sir Edward Bromley, Barons of Exchequer, when nineteen witches were tried at once at Lancaster, and another of the name of Preston, at York. The report against these people is drawn up by Thomas Potts. An obliging correspondent sent me a sight of a copy of this curious and rare book. The chief personage in the drama is Elizabeth Southam, a witch redoubted under the name of Dembdike, an account of whom may be seen in Mr. Roby's *Antiquities of Lancaster*, as well as a description of Maulkins' Tower,

the witches' place of meeting. It appears that this remote county was full of Popish recusants, travelling priests, and so forth; and some of their spells are given, in which the holy names and things alluded to form a strange contrast with the purpose to which they were applied, as to secure a good brewing of ale or the like. The public imputed to the accused parties a long train of murders, conspiracies, charms, mischances, hellish and damnable practices, "apparent," says the editor, "on their own examinations and confessions," and, to speak the truth, visible nowhere else. Mother Dembdike had the good luck to die before conviction. Among other tales, we have one of two female devils, called Fancy and Tib. It is remarkable that some of the unfortunate women endeavoured to transfer the guilt from themselves to others with whom they had old quarrels, which confessions were held good evidence against those who made them, and against the alleged accomplice also. Several of the unhappy women were found Not Guilty, to the great displeasure of the ignorant people of the county.

#### *Last Execution for Witchcraft in England.*

As late as 1682, three unhappy women, named Susan Edwards, Mary Trembles, and Temperance Lloyd, were hanged at Exeter for witchcraft, and, as usual, on their own confession. This is believed to be the last execution of the kind in England, under form of judicial sentence. But the ancient superstition, so interesting to vulgar credulity, like sediment clearing itself from water, sunk down in a deeper shade upon the ignorant and lowest classes of society, in proportion as the higher regions were purified from its influence. The populace, including the ignorant of every class, were more enraged against witches, when their passions were once excited, in proportion to the lenity exercised towards the objects of their indignation, by those who administered the laws. Several cases occurred in which the mob, impressed with a conviction of the guilt of some destitute old creatures, took the law into their own hands, and, proceeding upon such evidence as Hopkins would have had recourse to, at once, in their own apprehension, ascertained their criminality, and administered the deserved punishment.

#### *Pricking for Witchcraft.*

ONE celebrated mode of detecting witches, and torturing them at the same

time, to draw forth confession, was, by running pins into their body, on pretence of discovering the devil's stigma, or mark, which was said to be inflicted by him upon all his vassals, and to be insensible to pain. This species of search, the practice of the infamous Hopkins, was in Scotland reduced to a trade; and the young witchfinder was allowed to torture the accused party, as if in exercise of a lawful calling, although Sir George Mackenzie stigmatizes it as a horrid imposture. I observe in the Collections of Mr. Pitcairn, that, at the trial of Janet Peaston, of Dalkeith, the magistrates and ministers of that market town caused John Kincaid, of Tranent, the common pricker, to exercise his craft upon her, "who found two marks of what he called the devil's making, and which appeared indeed to be so, for she could not feel the pin when it was put into either of the said marks, nor did they (the marks) bleed when they were taken out again; and when she was asked where she thought the pins were put in, she pointed to a part of her body distant from the real place. They were pins of three inches in length."

Besides the fact, that the persons of old people especially sometimes contain spots void of sensibility, there is also room to believe that the professed prickers used a pin, the point, or lower part of which was, on being pressed down, sheathed in the upper, which was hollow for the purpose, and that which appeared to enter the body did not pierce it at all. But, were it worth while to dwell on a subject so ridiculous, we might recollect, that in so terrible an agony of shame as is likely to convulse a human being under such a trial, and such personal insults, the blood is apt to return to the heart, and a slight wound as with a pin, may be inflicted, without being followed by blood. In the latter end of the seventeenth century, this childish, indecent, and brutal practice, began to be called by its right name. Fountainhall has recorded, that in 1678, the privy council received the complaint of a poor woman, who had been abused by a country magistrate, and one of those impostors called prickers. They expressed high displeasure against the presumption of the parties complained against, and treated the pricker as a common cheat.

#### *Refutation of Apparition Stories.*

It is the same with all those that are called accredited ghost stories usually told at the fireside. They want evi-

dence. It is true, that the general wish to believe, rather than power of believing, has given some such stories a certain currency in society. I may mention, as one of the class of tales I mean, that of the late Earl St. Vincent, who watched, with a friend, it is said, a whole night, in order to detect the cause of certain nocturnal disturbances which took place in a certain mansion. The house was under lease to Mrs. Ricketts, his sister. The result of his lordship's vigil is said to have been, that he heard the noises, without being able to detect the causes, and insisted on his sister giving up the house. This is told as a real story, with a thousand different circumstances. But who has heard or seen an authentic account from Earl St. Vincent, or from his "companion of the watch," or from his lordship's sister? And as in any other case, such sure species of direct evidence would be necessary to prove the facts, it seems unreasonable to believe such a story on slighter terms. When the particulars are precisely fixed and known, it might be time to inquire whether Lord St. Vincent, amid the other eminent qualities of a first-rate seaman, might not be in some degree tinged with their tendency to superstition; and still farther, whether, having ascertained the existence of disturbances not immediately or easily detected, his lordship might not advise his sister rather to remove, than to remain in a house so haunted, though he might believe that poachers or smugglers were the worst ghosts by whom it was disturbed.

The story of two highly respectable officers in the British army, who are supposed to have seen the spectre of the brother of one of them in a hut, or barrack, in America, is also one of those accredited ghost tales, which attain a sort of brevet rank as true, from the mention of respectable names as the parties who witnessed the vision. But we are left without a glimpse when, how, and in what terms, this story obtained its currency; as also by whom, and in what manner, it was first circulated; and among the numbers by whom it has been quoted, although all agree in the general event, scarcely two, even of those who pretend to the best information, tell the story in the same way.\*

The remarkable circumstance of Thomas, the second Lord Lyttleton,

\* Sir Walter, we conclude, refers to the story of Sir John Sherbrooke and Gen. Wynyard. — See "Signs before Death and Authenticated Apparitions." 12mo, 1825.

prophesying his own death within a few minutes, upon the information of an apparition, has been always quoted as a true story. But of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was no doubt singular that a man, who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead, to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire.

By the way, Sir Walter has not noticed the Sampford ghost, the last apparition story of any lengthened interest, and the more curious from its association with one of the best wits of the day, the author of "Lacon." Perhaps Sir Walter thought with Dryden, that

Great wits to madness sure are near allied,  
And their partitions do their bounds divide.

Talking of wits and apparitions reminds us also of Swift on the latter subject. "One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy." This single paragraph is worth a volume of handling by the writers of our day.

## The Novelist.

### THE ROCK OF THE WATER-FAIRY.

#### *A Legend of the Rhine.*

Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine,  
Would sweeten more these Banks of Rhine.  
BYRON.

THE scenery around the Rhine is proverbially beautiful. Hallowed by the charm of tradition which invests the faded record of other days with the most startling interest, and graced with prolific vegetation, the Banks of the Rhine are consecrated to romance. Nor has poetry neglected to embalm their loveliness in its ethereal spirit. The creative imaginations of La Motte Foqué, Hoffman, Goethe, and Gleim, assisted by the lofty and elevated fancy of the British Muse, have thrown an enchantment around them, that, while the language exists, and man is capable of relishing it, will form their attractive excellence. From

the vivid and majestic poetry of Lord Byron and L. E. L., the Petrarch and Corinna of English song, I might adduce several passages of the most polished and exquisite beauty, and thereby exemplify the truth of my assertion; and the tale which I shall now relate is, perhaps, illustrative of one of those incidents that constitute the peculiar charm of German romance.

The storm had quietly subsided over the lofty turrets of Ruthenwold Castle, and the stars were reflected in the Rhine, like fairy-isles enshrined in its dark-blue waters. There were clouds suspended in the lovely skies, but they seemed of a light and silvery texture, and formed a veil behind which the lunar enchantress could conceal her brilliant diadem. These clouds floated along their airy panorama like snowy masses driven from some Elysium in which none but pure and virtuous spirits sustain their immortality; and as their images quivered transparently in the noble river beneath, they appeared like the phantasies of a visionary and distempered mind. The scenery around was worthy of the glorious and beautiful night; and if the painter could have deified its magnificence on canvass, it would have impressed his genius with the stamp of eternity. The surrounding plains rich with summer blossoms, and kissed by the glancing moonbeams, the varied dells through which the sweet streams poured their nocturnal melody as if some genii had touched the wind-harp of Paradise, and the scattered hills with woods and waterfalls, presented to the imagination

"The glory and the freshness of a dream"

The young Count of Ruthenwold had arisen from his couch, to the casement to refresh his languid brow with the balmy breath of night. As he surveyed the magnificent scene which lay before him, the summer breeze imparted a coolness to his pale but feverish cheeks. His sleep had been haunted by a vision of the most surpassing loveliness, and a powerful spell had entwined it with his memory.

His fancy had represented to him a dark and majestic rock whose giant form was reflected in the blue water-foam of the river beneath. As his buoyant skiff glided by it, he heard music ascend from the rippling wavelets, deep, solemn, and dreamlike music, which entranced his heart with its witchery. Soon as the magic strain had ceased, a lovely nymph, whose person was more symmetrical than the noblest conception embodied in marble by the sculptor,



arose from the waters, and threw aside her golden hair to gaze upon Ruthenwold. The young count could not withdraw his sight to avoid her fascinations, and thus became enthralled by a charm he was unable to resist. As his skiff approached that portion of the river on which she sat arranging her beautiful ringlets, he sprang into her arms, and her kisses melted on his lips. "I love thee," said the nymph, as he hung on her snowy bosom, "thou shalt live with me in a land where the sparkling moonbeams glance on the treasures of the mighty deep, and in our festal halls thy sleep shall be charmed with the music of fairy-lutes. Thou art mine, beautiful youth! and I will love thee as the water-maiden alone can love." As she breathed this bewitching language into his ears, they gradually descended with the tide, and Ruthenwold awoke to ruminate on this singular dream. As he stood surveying the distant scenes, he perceived a rock which formed an exquisite resemblance to the object of his vision, and deeply excited his curiosity. Determined to obtain an elucidation of the mystery, he left his father's castle, and submitting his small skiff to the dark-blue element, was soon borne along to the place of which he was in quest. As he approached the rock, he heard a manly voice chant this irregular but spirited song:—

There where yon rock is sleeping,  
Beneath the bright moonsbine,  
A nymph her watch is keeping,  
And gazing on the Rhine.

She looks upon the river,  
As the vessels glide along,  
She sings and gazes ever,  
But, Youth! beware her song.

With eyes so softly beaming,  
Thus doth she look on all,  
Whilst, like clustering sunbeams streaming,  
Her golden ringlets fall.

But, like the inconstant water,  
Those glances still have roll'd;  
Beware the flood's fair daughter,  
For the wave is false and cold!

As Ruthenwold glided past the verdant banks of the river, the forester of his sire, the old Count Palatine, hailed him from the shore, and it was he who had sung the lay which at first startled the young adventurer. Ruthenwold pursued his way, and at length attained that portion of the river where the rock displayed its magnificent brow. The calmness of the night, and the beauty of his native Rhine, soon led him into a contemplative reverie. The scene was indeed worthy of some lofty poetical imagination to consecrate and enshrine it with

the graces of verse; and, as Ruthenwold pressed lightly on the lute which hung from his shoulder by a purple ribbon, he felt inclined to celebrate its beauty in one of his most impassioned songs. But, as he gazed intensely on the reflected stars, he heard a musical sound, such as the wind snatches from the strings of an Æolian harp, and, on raising his head, beheld a maiden of the most exquisite loveliness arranging her sunny ringlets on the rock. Her person exhibited a fine display of symmetry, and the sweetness of her smile contained much persuasiveness. Ruthenwold had never beheld so much beauty concentrated in a human form; he bowed homage to the enchantress, who waved her snowy hand as a signal for his approach. His boat glided steadily beneath the rock, and she descended from its brow to encircle him in her arms.

Ruthenwold lay entranced upon her bosom, and her tender lips pressed upon his with all the fervour of impassioned love. At the same moment a strain of liquid music breathed around him, and captivated his heart with a dream of delight; and as its cadence melted away into the balmy air, a sweet but plaintive voice sung, "I love thee."

"I have been awaiting thy boat, beautiful youth!" exclaimed Endein, "and blessing the stars that lighted its course along the Rhine. But thou art come—at length thou art mine, and shalt dwell with me in the crystal palaces of the deep."

"As thou wilt, my lovely one!" replied Ruthenwold, "a vision of thee enchanted my sleep in my father's hall, but I have left it, and only wish to live in the light of thy beauty."

"Ruthenwold!" cried a powerful voice which seemed familiar to the count, "hapless boy! thou art lost! Reject the arts of that false and deceitful siren, and avoid her fascinations. She will allure thee to a crystal grave beneath the Rhine. Leave her, count, it is thy father's forester who speaks to thee."

Endein placed the youthful count in his skiff, but still clung to him with the fondest embraces that ever betrayed the affection of woman. "Alas!" she sighed, "wilt thou forsake me?" I shall pine for thy presence when the stars sparkle in their azure fields like spirits of the air."

Still old Heinbach, the forester, vociferated his exclamations from the banks of the river, but at length finding he employed them ineffectually, he loaded his musket, and discharged its

\* Translated from the German of M. Von Loeben, by B. St. Leger, Esq.



contents at the water-nymph. A thrilling shriek announced the destructive execution of his cruelty, and Endein breathed her last sigh on the bosom of her lover. As she fell bleeding into his arms, her sweet maidenly voice soothed his spirit with the words, "I love thee."

"Heinbach—villain!" exclaimed Ruthenwold, "thou wilt yet remember this atrocity with regret."

"Never, count," replied the forester, "nor will thy noble sire, of whom thou art the hope."

The young heir of Ruthenwold returned to the castle of his father, the old Count Palatine, but a languid gloom had enshrouded his hitherto fervid imagination, and his lute was permitted to hang on the cypress-tree untouched by all save the gentle wing of Zephyr.—A mental apathy seemed to colour all his actions, and whenever he approached the rock where his adventures with the water-maiden had impressed such powerful recollections on his mind, a gush of tears suffused his cheeks, and it required a considerable time to restore him to his usual tranquillity. But the chain which entwined him to this earthly wilderness was soon divided by death, and his spirit melted away from earth like the faint music of a huntsman's horn dying in the space of air!

*Deal.*

R. A.

### The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

#### EPITAPH IN HADLEIGH CHURCH, SUFFOLK.

THE charnel mounted on this w  
Sets to be seen in funer  
A matron playn domestic  
In housewifery a princip  
In care and payns continu  
Not slow, nor gay, nor prodig  
Yet neighbourly and hospit  
Her children seven yet living  
Her sixty-seventh year hence did c  
To rest her body natur  
In hope to rise spiritu

} all

Ellen, wife of Robert Reson, alderman of this town; shee deceased January 8th, 1630, and is interred below hereby.

#### MARRIAGE AMONG THE ANCIENT ASSYRIANS.

ALL the young girls who were marriageable were assembled in one place, and a public crier put them up to sale one after another. The money which was received for those that were hand-

some, and fetched a high price, was bestowed as a portion with those whose persons were more plain and homely. When the most beautiful were disposed of, the more ordinary were offered with a certain sum, and allotted to those who were willing to take them with the smallest portion. In this manner all the young women were provided with husbands. If at any time it happened that the parties could not agree, the man was obliged to refund the money which he had received. It was likewise very expressly forbidden to use women ill, or to carry them into any foreign country.  
P. T. W.

JEMMY WHITELY, an eccentric manager of a travelling corps, was not particular, in poor communities, as to whether he received the public support in money or in "kind:" he would take meat, fowl, vegetables, &c. value them by scales, &c. and pass in the owner and friends for as many admissions as they amounted to. Thus his treasury very often, on a Saturday, resembled a butcher's warehouse rather than a banker's. At a village on the coast the inhabitants brought him nothing but fish; but as the company could not subsist without its concomitants of bread, potatoes, and spirits, a general appeal was made to his stomach and sympathies, and some alteration in the terms of admission required. Jemmy accordingly, after admitting nineteen persons one evening, for a shad a-piece, stopped the twentieth, and said—"I beg your pardon, my darling—I am extramely sorry to refuse you; but if we eat any more fish, by the powers! we shall all be turned into mermaids!"—*Bernard's Reminiscences.*

MONTAIGNE instances a very ungrateful return for the *jus divinum*, in a story which he remembered to be current when he was a boy, of a neighbouring king, who having received a blow by the hand of God, swore he would be revenged; and in order to do it, made a proclamation, that for ten years to come, no one should pray to him, or so much as mention him throughout his dominions. "By which," says he, "we are not so much to take measure of the folly, as the vain-glory of the nation," (Spain) of which this tale was told.

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